

# Necklace of Heads by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Necklace of Heads

[Intro]

Yeah, 1, 2

Yo Oh No

This shit crazy, pop

Look, 1, 2

Aiight, look

Yeah

[Verse 1]

Lick shots like they would do with the fever

Stab 'em dead or a Pompeii, Julius Caesar

Knife work nice, show you what to do with a cleaver

Son munafiqun, he a truthful deceiver

Supplication on the plains of Arafat

Puerto Ricans everywhere, they talk to me in Arawak

Money always ass back, and I'ma pull the barrel back

Knowing damn well he couldn't see me like a cataract

Where the organ grinder partner, tell me where the Tommy at

And riddle him with bullets in him, move him like an army brat

Anarchist and Marxist, you listening to Commie rap

Self-proclaimed God so the fuck if I'ma honor that

This rat tried to get me book like a librarian

My shot unorthodox like Shawn Marion

Powers of pain, Animal Hawk and barbarian

You beaten by the fist of God so Paul bury 'em

[Chorus]

One gun, two gun, three gun, four

It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war

One gun, two gun, three gun, four

A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor

[Verse 2]

I told y'all not to fuck with me

Kidnaps takin' the kids like full custody

Every rhyme like my first, I spit hungrily  
Y'all don't know cheese and wine out in Tuscany  
Y'all think having a rack is called luxury  
All bark and no bite, you not touching me  
It's too dark for you, the wind is too blustering  
I don't like cops or opps in my company  
The trap boys still cookin' the brick  
And it's raw so it look like they cookin' the grit  
If I counted every bottle that I took to the dick  
I'd lose count pa, I was in a room full of shit  
You cupcaked out, still bitchin' 'bout a jaw  
End-game talkin' 'bout a bishop verse a pawn  
You dead goin' to sleep, listenin' to birds chirpin'  
The type of asshole to be talkin' in third person

[Chorus]

One gun, two gun, three gun, four  
It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war  
One gun, two gun, three gun, four  
A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor

[Outro]

Yeah, yeah  
Pack Pistol Pazzo and all that, the Sicilian Shooter  
Y'nam sayin'?  
Philly in this mahfucker, yeah  
That's Oh No